



Birds Don't Have Arms

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Birds Don't Have Arms by Tortellini

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Summary:

Similar to snakes. But when Stan Uris comes to this revelation, it sort of comes as a shock. Bill is there to pat him on the back in amusement.

Oneshot/drabble

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Stan Uris had been raised a certain way; coming from a relatively wealthy Jewish family, he always made sure he had done his homework, copied in his cramped neat handwriting; always made sure his shirt was straightened and buttoned correctly (the only thing straight about him, his friend Richie would joke, before promptly being punched). But there was another side of him that only his friends could coax out of him.

And that side was the fact that Stan could be a salty little bitch when he wanted to. And he also liked to think he was tough; maybe not tough exactly, but if he was telling the truth then not all did end up bothering him, to his credit. Was that what being tough was? Maybe.

Anyway, he and his best friend in the whole world Bill were walking down the street to Stan's house. Earlier that day in school, Henry Bowers had punched Bill, and when Stan had of course stood up for him, he'd called him a faggot. Now Stan liked to think he was smarter than your average bully, so even though he'd been hurt, he ended up saying a few choice things that lead to him getting punched too. Bill had a split lip and Stan had a large purple bruise on his cheekbone.

"...anyway, I guess I'm just too tough to cry," Stan was saying as they pushed their bikes along the sidewalk.

Bill rolled his eyes. He knew him, had known him for a long time too. "B-but just last w-w-week you w-were crying ab-bout birds, Stan."

Stan's face changed dramatically, and he stopped walking.

"Birds don't have arms!"